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REWARDS

AND

PUNISHMENTS,

OR,

Satan's Kingdom Aristocratical.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED

A VOYAGE TO LONDON,

AND

AN ACROSTIC.

BY JOHN COX, A NATIVE OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT No. 41, CHESNUT-STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

Dear Philadelphians, I pray you to excuse,
If failings should appear in this my Muse,
My humble First, expos'd to public view,
And now, my age is only twenty-two.
Such as would fit a tradesman for to be,
Was all that Education gave to me ;
No Latin or Greek to me was ever known,
Nor any language but my native own.
O then excuse the Errors you may find,
In untaught stile, produc'd from Juvenile mind.
And may my native City rise to fame,
May Piety enkindle here her flame,
And every nation catch the fervent glow,
For past offences bow in spirit low,
To ploughshares, then, will every sword be beat,
And all death's instruments trod under feet :
The Lion with the Lamb will then lie down,
And the stern Countenance will cease to frown,
Yes—all things, then, will for the better alter,
And you'll excuse the faults of humble Author.

Rewards and Punishments, &c.

OH THOU! to whom justly belongs all praise,
With thy blest Spirit now assist my lays;
Except I am by thy blest'd teaching taught,
All worldly wisdom signifies me naught.
Therefore in lowly rev'rence let me come,
And bow in heart before thy awful throne,
That thou may'st send a blessing on my verse,
And folly from the minds of men disperse,
Open their spiritual eyes and let them see,
All their dependance ought to be on thee.
To lose thy grace sure nothing can be worse,
Without it all things are to man a curse—
May I for ever hail thee Lord most just,
Both now and when my body's laid in dust.

A blessing ask'd.----Now be my task to tell,
What to harden'd sinners in days of old befel;
What means he took for to chastise mankind,
When for to break his laws they were inclin'd.
If we the scriptures search with studious care,
We'll find therein things to our souls most dear.
Let us incline to do what there's laid down
Until the last, and we'll gain a heav'nly crown.
But if that we his blessed task forsake,
He'll on our heads his dreadful anger shake.
You have forsaken me, the Lord has said,
And from my path, O Israel, far have stray'd.
How can I pardon you now for this sin?
Your children have forsook me—wicked thing—
And by them that were not Gods they swore,
Forgetting me, whom they ought to adore;
Although I fed them to the full with good,
And ne'er deni'd them spiritual food,

Then they forfook me ; in great troops have run
 In harlot's houses, loathful things have done,
 Neighing like horses, for their neighbours' wives,
 And in wait lying for the just men's lives.
 Oh lying children, you that do rebel,
 And will not hear that which my prophets tell,
 Ye say unto the seers, See not our sins,
 And prophecy unto us no such things.
 Prophecy deceit—speak unto us things smooth,
 In words that will all our disquiets sooth ;
 Get out of the way and from him turn aside ;
 Let our own wills for ever be our guide ;
 Like ev'ning wolves your judges cause much sorrow,
 They gnaw not off the bones until the morrow.
 Ye that do hoard unto yourselves much gold,
 And for it ye your brothers oft have sold,
 Ye have esteem'd it more than me, your God,
 And in defiance held my chast'ning rod ;
 Each saying thus, I'll greater build my barns,
 I've store enough to keep me from all harms ;
 I'll spend my days in pleasure and in ease,
 Do as I like and my own fancies please,
 In mirthful frolics pass away my years,
 With gay companions free from joyless tears ;
 With great disputes ye talk of needless things,
 Some for destroying, others serving kings,
 Not calm and easy, seeking inward light
 From me that would direct thy thoughts aright.

When ye were bondmen in Egyptian lands,
 I brought ye forth and broke despotisms bands.
 With base ingratitude ye did despise
 My statutes, and from me did turn your eyes,
 And for this thing I on you will send terror,
 As long as you will still persist in error ;
 Consumption shall and burning ague still
 Consume your eyes, your hearts with sorrow fill,
 You shall, with labor, sow your seeds in vain,
 Your enemies shall eat up all your gain,
 And with their swords I'll cause you to be slain,
 And they that hate you over you shall reign,

And ye shall flee when none doth you pursue,
 And curses shall attend on all you do ;
 And if these judgments will not your hearts turn,
 My anger then shall sev'n times hotter burn,
 And I will break your pride you may rely on,
 I'll make your earth as brass, your heav'n as iron.
 Thou shalt betroth a wife and not enjoy
 With her another all his lust shall cloy ;
 Your strength shall spend in tilling of the ground,
 And for your labor nothing shall be found,
 Your land shall fail in yielding her increase,
 And all your fruit-trees shall from bearing cease,
 At noon-day you shall grope as one that's blind,
 And for to help you no one you shall find,
 And I will send amongst you beasts that's wild,
 That will destroy of you both man and child,
 My judgment shall make you but few in number,
 And frightful dreams shall haunt you when you
 slumber ;

And I will also send most dire pestilence,
 To destroy all those that should be your defence,
 And in one oven shall ten women bake—
 For want of bread I'll cause your hearts to ake ;
 You of the flesh of your own sons shall eat
 And of your daughters for the want of meat ;
 All of your images I will cut down,
 And cause your bodies on them to be thrown ;
 On them that's left I will a faintness send,
 Before their enemies I'll make them bend ;
 The sound of a shaken leaf shall frighten you,
 And ye shall flee when none doth you pursue ;
 All of your streams I'll turn to burning pitch,
 And blazing brimstone shall fill ev'ry ditch,
 And it shall not be quenched night nor day—
 My heaviest curses on your lands shall lay ;
 In all your palaces there thorns shall grow ;
 Your lofty roofs I'll cause to moulder low,
 And as a widow you shall for ever sit,
 Nor of my comforts ever taste a bit ;
 But of my fury ye shall drink the dregs,
 Until ye scarce can stand upon your legs ;

Your sons shall faint and in the streets shall lie,
 With burning fevers they shall quickly die,
 Those that are left of you with cords fast bound,
 Your enemies shall trample on the ground.

These were the judgments that in days of old,
 In threat'ning language were to Israel told,
 Therefore ye ought not to incur displeasure,
 For the same God now reigns and will for ever.
 Dare poor frail mortals his just laws condemn?
 In fulness of wisdom hath he utter'd them.
 Sodom and Gomorrah he with judgment dire
 Destroy'd their cities with brimstone and fire.
 Remember Korah when he did rebel,
 And of meek Moses wicked lies did tell ;
 The earth whereon he stood asunder clave ;
 He and his family found one common grave :
 And also Pharaoh who with harden'd heart,
 Would not consent that Israel should depart,
 But them detain'd as bondmen in his lands,
 To raise his grandeur by their lab'ring hands ;
 But God's all seeing eye saw his intent,
 And dreadful plagues upon his lands he sent,
 Yea, his despotic pride he caus'd to cease,
 And from his bondage Israel did release ;
 Though Israel all his plagues with wonder saw,
 Yet they rebell'd and disobey'd his law ;
 Then fiery serpents he amongst them sent,
 Until of ingratitude they did repent.
 Though wicked Jezebel took Naboth's lands,
 And caus'd him to be slain with murdering hands,
 But God did cast her from her lofty throne,
 And dogs her flesh did gnaw from every bone.
 Nebuchadnezzar thought himself a God,
 Because that thousands did attend his nod ;
 Rais'd up in mind exalted in his pride,
 He with great insolence God's pow'r def'd,
 Though he in his palace did with dainties feast,
 God caus'd him to eat grass just like a beast ;
 He that once lay begirt with silks around,
 Was forc'd to make his bed upon the ground ;

His body look'd just like a beast's with hair,
 And his long nails like eagles talons were :
 Yea, he was wet with heavy dew's from heaven,
 Until that o'er his head had pass'd years seven.
 Thus did our God in wisdom fully just
 Punish all those who in themselves did trust.
 By this you'll see that our most gracious Lord,
 According to man's works him will reward.

Remember, lately Philadelphia mourn'd,
 Her joyful places was to sadness turn'd,
 Her commerce ceas'd, her trade was at a stand,
 And unemploy'd was her laboring hand,
 Her citizens their houses fast forsook,
 One at another gaz'd with fearful look ;
 Kinsmen lost their affection for each other,
 And in great haste brother fled from brother ;
 So careful were some to preserve their lives,
 They left their children and even left their wives ;
 Thousands in great haste far from the city fled,
 Their minds were struck with heavy fear and dread.
 Where coaches, waggons, and where drays did
 throng,

There rumbling hearses only drove along.
 To see the streets at noon—most solemn sight—
 They look'd as dreary as at dark midnight ;
 The cries of dying souls drove to despair,
 With frightful shrieks they rent the very air.
 Malignant fever stalk'd with haughty pace,
 And thousands yielded to death's cold embrace.
 You Philadelphians, oh ! you rising youth,
 This you have seen, now ope your eyes to truth,
 Under his banners let us all freely list,
 A heav'nly king we'll have us to assist ;
 To fight our cause, for it is our's alone.
 He has naught to fear on his Majestic throne.
 A spiritual enemy most sure we have,
 Who aims to sink us lower than the grave.
 With righteousness let's arm ourselves to fight,
 And God in helping us will take delight ;
 Let us the youths of this most famous place,

With piety this land of freedom grace ;
 With pray'rs to God let us his blessings prize,
 And he will o'er us watch with careful eyes ;
 Let us unto the world a pattern be,
 Famous for good morals and much piety ;
 Let us in spirit cry not with our voice,
 That fatan may not over us rejoice ;
 Let us combat with every sinful thing,
 We'll in their room a heav'nly blessing bring.
 Filled with God's grace, our city will shine bright,
 And over the world will cast resplendent light ;
 Our enemies shall never do us harm,
 For he will help us with outstretched arm :
 Let us his love hold to our souls most dear.
 When he is our friend we nothing have to fear ;
 Let us arise and shake ourselves from dust,
 And he will help us overcome our lust.
 His goodness he will extend to every soul,
 If they will subject be to his controul,
 Let us engage and strive with all our might,
 Prepare the ranks to fight the glorious fight,
 If we but overcome our worst of foes,
 We shortly will get rid of all our woes ;
 The main cause He from whence springs all our ills,
 Our days with sorrow by his wiles he fills,
 Most artful baits he uses to trepan,
 Into his lures to draw the soul of man ;
 All ways and means he tries us to deceive,
 And when he's caught us to our fate he'll leave,
 Oh ! shun his wiles, a watchful eye still keep,
 Lest with his lures he lulls your souls to sleep ;
 And while you slumber he'll bear you away,
 Forever of your souls to make a prey :
 Therefore, Oh ! leave his service, quit his cause,
 Do not his mandates, and abhor his laws :
 And of his pleasures never taste at all,
 They'll seem like honey, but will prove as gall ;
 Nothing he leaves undone his cause to gain,
 When he has conquered he will with rigor reign ;
 Let no such despot lure us to disobey,

Nor his false pleasures tempt our souls away :
 All artful methods us to gain he tries,
 Many deluding schemes he doth devise ;
 To make us slaves and subjects to his will,
 All hell with victims he would wish to fill.
 As God is all pure, Satan is the reverse,
 An envious temper cruel and morose ;
 Swollen with his pride, and fallen by his sin,
 Unto himself, all men he would wish to win ;
 His music is to hear the lost complain,
 And his delight to put men's souls in pain :
 Earth's tyrants, monarchs I with truth can say,
 Never rul'd their subjects with such despot sway,
 As doth this fiend when he dominion has,
 His rod is iron and his brow is brass ;
 Philadelphians shake him off and dare to be,
 From even spiritual tyrants to be free :
 Then you will be free indeed, free from all ill,
 Where sadness dwelt, with joy and comfort fill.
 You cannot say you are free when he doth rule,
 When he you holds, you'r worse than tyrants tool ;
 From earthly monarchs death may give respite,
 When once you'r his, he will forever hold his right.
 Most abject slavery inflav'd by a slave,
 For God over him will still dominion have ;
 Let us acknowledge God our only king,
 He will make our hearts with joy and gladness sing :
 We by his help will soon overcome the fiend,
 All of his arts will be to us as wind.
 For we will be strengthen'd them for to repel,
 If we escape his arts, we will his hell :
 And we a king will have, of glorious might,
 Whose burden's easy, and whose yoke is light ;
 Who in wisdom rules and mildly he doth reign,
 With justice surely, no man can complain ;
 Nor say that he doth aught but what is right,
 For that's alone well pleasing in his sight ;
 His government is sure Republican,
 For he never wishes to enslave a man :
 He doth always leave us free to choose,

Him to obey, or his just laws refuse ;
 Although this globe is his just right alone,
 He made the whole and form'd us every one :
 He gave us freedom when he gave us light,
 Him choose to govern, he will support right,
 Let us then kneel, before him humbly bend,
 His goodness we'll experience has no end :
 You Philadelphians all with one consent,
 Acknowledge him and let no voice dissent.
 Ye who do love him, let your love increase,
 In serving him henceforward never cease,
 The way to serve him right, is to do justly,
 Mercy for to love, and walk before him humbly.
 This is doing justice, render God his due,
 And do to men, as you would wish them do to you,
 In all your dealings study that alone,
 Nor take the advantage of a single one.
 How great soever you may be in want,
 Though in necessity, or of things scant ;
 In wisdom God doth us of good bereave,
 And for a season he doth sometimes leave,
 To let us see how weak poor mortals are,
 When we are bereft of his most heavenly care ;
 Therefore when left, your diligence then double,
 For Satan mostly aims at those in trouble,
 Thinking they will become an easier prey,
 And sooner by his baits be led away.
 If you hold out and don't let him delude,
 Then God will doubly deal his heavenly food ;
 He in doing justice, never will be done,
 And with good things your cup shall overrun :
 If you love mercy, all enemies forgive,
 Those in distress never fail for to relieve,
 Conquer your passions, never let them rave :
 By doing this a road to life you'll pave.
 Don't be a tyrant though you have servants many,
 In your behaviour be not a slave to any ;
 And let your temper remarkable still be,
 For good nature, mildness and much lenity ;
 Your character for to hurt if any tries,
 You by your actions shew the world its lies :

Their bad intentions on themselves will fall,
 And by their lies they won't hurt you at all;
 If you have riches don't be puff'd with pride,
 Because they're poor don't any man deride:
 We are all alike, for God respecteth none,
 Tho' this world's goods he doth withhold from some,
 He in his wisdom, suffers things to be,
 For his good ends our blindness cannot see;
 Therefore don't murmur but give praises rather,
 For just men's good all things doth work together,
 And will as long as this world doth remain
 Forever and unalterable the same.

Oh do not let us from his paths then stray,
 And in our hearts will shine the star of day;
 Let us with pleasure bear each dispensation,
 In ev'ry rank of life and ev'ry station;
 Let us become as clay in potter's hand,
 To mould in any form at his command;
 Let us not at his just decrees repine,
 And he'll repay in his most gracious time;
 Let us in all things to his will submit,
 With patience undergo all he thinks fit:
 And if unto the end we him adore,
 We will receive of him a heav'nly store
 Of joys that to eternity shall last,
 And light as dust shall be all sorrows past.
 There's none can tell the greatness of his might,
 Nor can conceive what is his glorious right.
 He in his wrath did caule the earth to shake,
 From their foundations he the hills did break,
 Out of his nostrils up a smoke there went,
 He from his mouth a kindling fire sent,
 The heav'ns did bow as doth a reed when beat,
 As he came down with darkness at his feet,
 He on a Cherub rode most speedily,
 And on the wings of wind did swiftly fly,
 Out of dark waters he a pavilion made,
 With darkness thick he did his glory shade,
 At the brightness before him—greatly to admire—

His thick clouds pass'd—hailstones and coals of fire,
 At his rebuke were seen—the world's foundation
 And all earth quak'd at his disapprobation,
 From his all seeing eye no man can go,
 All things he sees and he doth all things know,
 His throne is righteousness and glory great,
 Majesty and honor do before him wait,
 Beauty and strength are in his sanctuary.
 And in doing justice he is never weary,
 Mercy and peace do ever him attend,
 His love will last for ever without end ;
 No man can tell the might, nor none can know,
 How great the pow'r from whence all good doth flow.
 Man's reason surely never can explain,
 Though he should study till he crack'd his brain.
 The works of God, incomprehensible they are,
 Oh how can reason his great will declare,
 Ev'n that alone, that doth concern mankind,
 Was never given to the nat'ral mind.
 If we but serve him with an upright zeal,
 I doubt not but his spirit will reveal
 Enough of his will that's fit for us to know,
 And farther mortals here can never go ;
 Though to Mathus'lem's age a man should live,
 Still daily learn the wit this world can give.
 Take but a man who learning never knew,
 Inspir'd by God and he will to you show
 More solid wit in one instant of time,
 Than the other could in years nine hundred and nine.
 Some with what reason God hath given them,
 Make bold to say it is enough for men,
 They need no more to work out their salvation,
 For that alone will keep them from damnation,
 Deny the existence of a Savior dear,
 And say that reason will to heaven steer :
 Don't let such lies cloath'd in the garb of reason,
 Suffer you to commit such horrid treason ;
 Such guilty thoughts far from your bosom send,
 And on the great Supreme alone depend,
 He will inspire you with his holy spirit,

And he'll reward you as your deeds shall merit ;
 Yes, he will teach you him to serve aright,
 And guard you from all ill by day and night ;
 Him for to worship let this be my choice,
 Neither to use my mouth my tongue nor voice,
 Nor set a time when I with words shall pray,
 But fervently in spirit night and day,
 In that and truth, is all he doth desire,
 And he of mortals doth no more require.
 He knows our inmost thoughts and secret mind,
 And wants not worship of a temp'ral kind,
 For he that sees the heart needs not a word
 To know we prize him as our Sovereign Lord.
 Believe me friends there's nothing but the heart
 Of us requir'd, our wishes to impart.
 He works by his Spirit alone a certain fact,
 That him to worship should be a spiritual act ;
 Since then in Spirit it's for to be done,
 It's plain we need not use our voice nor tongue,
 Nor any other temp'ral sense whatever,
 But with our spirits worship him forever.
 Perhaps you'll say, when we assembled are,
 Is it not right to use our voice in pray'r ?
 In answer, Yes, by the mouth of another,
 God doth to some his blessed will discover ;
 His tried servants are instruments in his hands,
 For to proclaim his ever just commands ;
 Some by immediate, some by instrumental means,
 From following sin he their affections weans.
 But when that man prays for himself alone,
 Of words God don't desire a single one ;
 It is requir'd that you must your hearts rend,
 And not your garments when you did offend ;
 In spiritual breathings cry unto the Lord
 With groans that can't be utter'd, saith his word.
 It's in such service God doth take delight,
 That we should walk by faith and not by sight.
 With all diligence keep thy heart from strife,
 Because out of it are the issues of life,
 As the heart pants when it doth water want,

So let our hearts for living waters pant.
 By such like arguments the scriptures prove,
 We must worship God in spiritual fear and love ;
 What is requir'd of ev'ry soul of man,
 And has been ever since the world began.
 Our blessed Sav'or to a mountain went,
 And taught the multitude to this intent :
 Blessed are the poor in spirit for they,
 Towards heav'n's kingdom are far on the way ;
 Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be
 Comforted by God and set from trouble free ;
 Blessed are those that do continue meek,
 They an inheritance shall never seek ;
 Blessed are they that hunger and thirst still
 For righteousness, they of it shall have their fill ;
 Blessed are they that merciful do remain,
 For they shall mercy of their God obtain ;
 Blessed are they that in their hearts are pure,
 They shall see God I will to them ensure ;
 Blessed are those that peace makers are,
 The name of God's children they shall ever bear ;
 Blessed are they who do bear persecution
 For righteousness' sake, they shall have restitution ;
 Blessed are ye when men shall ye revile,
 Or with false words shall your character spoil,
 And ye with patience bear it for my sake,
 You to my father's house rejoicing I will take ;
 Rejoice for your reward in heav'n's great,
 Before your God you shall with honour wait ;
 Before all men so cause your light to shine,
 That they may see that your God is divine,
 And you have heard it hath of old been said,
 Ye shall perform to God what oaths you made,
 But now I say to you swear not at all,
 Neither by any thing though great or small ;
 Ye have been told to love thy neighbour well,
 And hate thine enemy, but I do you tell,
 To love your enemies, bless when they curse,
 And pray for them if they should use you worse,
 That ye God's children may be, on him trust,

His rain he sends on the just and unjust ;
 For if ye only love them that loves you,
 Why even sinners doth the same thing do,
 Therefore endeavour to perfect thy heart,
 And of death's pains you shall not feel the smart :
 Do not your alms, of men to gain regard,
 You please your pride, and so gain a reward :
 When ye do alms, let not your left hand know,
 That any good doth out from your right flow.
 And when you pray be not as hypocrites,
 Who chuse the synagogues, or in the streets ;
 But you in secret unto your closet go,
 And cause your heart in reverence to bow low ;
 Before your God be not your thoughts repeating,
 Nor as the heathen who doth pray by speaking :
 Be not like them, for God knows all you need,
 Before you ask or for his help you plead ;
 And he that knows what is done secretly,
 Will for good works reward you openly.
 Don't let your hearts be set on worldly treasure,
 Nor sigh for follies by the world call'd pleasure ;
 Rust may corrupt though iron chests do hold,
 And thieves break in and steal away your gold ;
 But if you have in heaven a treasure gain'd,
 No man can take what you have there obtain'd
 Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way,
 That leads to life, do not then lingering lay,
 Do your endeavours the straight gate to enter,
 And of all joys you'll then be in the center.
 Broad is the way and wider is the gate,
 That leads unto destruction soon or late ;
 And many there be, that therein doth go,
 Where their existence is one scene of woe ;
 Thus did the dear redeemer of mankind,
 Direct the way where we may glory find ;
 And did in words replete with heavenly love,
 Invite all the human race to realms above ;
 Let us incline the straight path for to tread,
 And we will be by heavenly wisdom led ;
 Nor will we be ever weary with the length,

For he'll confirm the feeble knees with strength :
 Thus saith the Lord, hearken unto my voice,
 And with my blessings shall your souls rejoice :
 All ye shall be above the nations great,
 And trample down all those that doth you hate ;
 Ye shall be blest, both in city and in field,
 And blest shall be the fruit your lands doth yield ;
 A plenteous harvest ye shall joyful reap,
 And build new barns for the prodigious heap ;
 The fruit of your bodies shall by me be blest,
 For they shall taste the joys of peace and rest ;
 Blessed shall be your cattle and your kine,
 And with thick clusters I will fill your vine,
 Your flocks of sheep, your basket and your store,
 Them I will bless quite fully seven times more :
 And I will bless you when you do go out,
 Or cometh in or when you turn about,
 And all of your enemies I will disgrace,
 I'll cause them to be slain before you'r face ;
 They shall against you fight but not prevail,
 All of their cunning schemes I'll cause to fail ;
 I will make you a great city of defence,
 With brasen walls and ye shall drive them hence ;
 But one way they shall out against ye come,
 And you shall cause them seven ways to run.
 I will fulfil all I to you have said,
 And of you shall the wicked be afraid ;
 I'll send a blessing on all you set your hand,
 And increase your seed in number as the sand ;
 In a due season I will send my rain,
 And not a soul among you will complain,
 You shall in fulness to many nations lend,
 With my strong arm I will your right defend,
 And you shall never want of them to borrow,
 You shall be free from poverty or sorrow ;
 I with an everlasting love will love,
 If in return to me you'll constant prove ;
 Behold I to you will give lasting health,
 And I your coffers will fill up with wealth ;
 In you there shall be heard the voice of gladness,

And no more shall your souls be fill'd with sadness ;
 The voice of the groom and also of the bride,
 And the voice of them that do in me take pride,
 Shall rise to heaven with a glorious shout,
 And I will put all evil to the rout ;
 In blessing I will blefs and multiply,
 Both when you rise and when you down do lie,
 With spiritual singing I over you will joy,
 With dainties that will never cloy ;
 From spiritual death I will your souls redeem,
 And into you shall living waters stream,
 All the earth's fatness into you shall flow,
 And ye shall reap, your enemies shall sow,
 Your sons shall be as brass and iron strong,
 And by my help they shall revenge your wrong,
 They to your enemies shall never yield,
 For I will be their buckler and their shield,
 Your daughters shall with modesty appear,
 And by their conduct they shall your hearts cheer,
 From youth to age all blessings I will give,
 Nor will never leave you whilst on earth you live,
 And when that icy death doth close your eyes,
 Your souls rejoicing shall to heaven rise,
 Completely there you shall with angels share
 A heavenly blessing passing all compare,
 There for just men a righteous crown is laid,
 Which from their brows shall never never fade ;
 These promis'd gifts express'd from heaven's throne
 In words was by inspired mortals shown,
 To let us see his favor far exceeds
 The justice he inflicts on wicked deeds,
 King Hezekiah when in life's decline,
 With sore disease did on his bed recline,
 His soul was wishing on earth longer to stay,
 His days to lengthen he unto God did pray.
 As he had love'd the Lord with all his heart,
 Inspir'd Isaiah did to him these words impart :
 Thus saith the Lord, I will increase thy years
 Full fifteen more, therefore dry up thy tears,
 And from the Assyrian king I'll thee release,

Yes thou shalt live in quietness and peace.
 Though Job was tried by God's afflicting hand,
 Yet he to righteousness most firm did stand,
 He patiently God's chastenings did endure,
 And great rewards did to himself ensure.
 The God of love who always doubly pays,
 Did Job unto all worldly honors raise,
 Though he before of trouble had great store,
 The Lord gave unto him twice as much more.
 He in his children was most greatly blest,
 And by all that knew him he was much caref'd ;
 As were Job's daughters none could be found so fair
 For beauty and accomplishments most rare.
 His latter end was blest in many ways,
 And Job he died when old and full of days.
 Thus it is prov'd, if after God we seek,
 And in his heav'nly path we love to keep.
 By him whose glory passes human thought,
 To the height of happiness we will be brought,
 Happiness which we with freedom can enjoy,
 Which unto eternity will never cloy.
 Oh may Americans, on him alone depend,
 And there's no doubt he will our rights defend ;
 Yes, may we bow together one and all,
 In spirit to the great Creator call.
 Thou Lord of heaven and earth, oh hear our cry,
 And in the needful time be to us nigh,
 Teach us to learn to bear each dispensation,
 Unto thy will submit with resignation,
 And may thy grace extended to us be,
 To help us combat, our spiritual enemy ;
 Teach us to prize thy maxims more than life,
 Against vile Satan only be at strife,
 And may frail mortals thee alone adore.
 Now henceforward and for evermore.

A VOYAGE TO LONDON.

DECLINING health, foremost of ills,
Did cause me for to part,
From Pennsylvania's pleasant hills,
And the friend of my heart.

I was advis'd by Doctor Rush,
A skilful man is he ;
That I in God should put my trust,
And hie me to the sea.

In hopes he was by change of air,
And God's assisting hand ;
I might again in health repair,
Back to my native land.

I many a heartfelt sigh did heave,
Shed many a briny tear ;
When Philadelphia I did leave,
And from it we did steer.

And when I left my native shore,
I thus did breathe a prayer ;
Lord thy assistance I implore,
Oh ! let me not despair.

Let me be filled with thy grace,
Let my friend be sincere :
Again to see my native place,
And keep me in thy fear.

Sea sickness did my bowels rack,
Bedizzen'd was my brain ;
The sea did roar, and thunder crack,
But I did not complain.

For by that means it came about,
My health it did restore ;
And many a gale we weather'd out,
E're we reach'd English shore.

In London safe was landed I,
And wandered up and down ;
To view the buildings low and high,
All in that famous town.

The Royal exchange and Guildhall,
 I went them for to see ;
 Likewise the church called Saint Paul,
 And Westminster Abbey.

Their buildings are magnificent,
 Rais'd by oppression's hand ;
 The poor can scarcely pay their rent,
 In that despotic land.

To view the misery in London streets,
 I am sure would raise a tear ;
 In one that's tasted of life's sweets,
 In Philadelphia dear.

They boast their frigates through water slips,
 Blown by a breath of air ;
 I had rather see the merchant ships,
 That floats on Delaware.

To Philadelphia I've return'd
 And to my friends embrace ;
 With gratitude my heart has burn'd,
 To him that giveth grace.

A N A C R O S T I C,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, ON THE DECEASE OF HIS
 FRIEND, *mentioned in the VOYAGE to LONDON.*

W hen his pure soul first quit this mortal state,
 I t wing'd its way for the celestial gate ;
 L o ! guardian angels bore him to the sky,
 L o ! heavenly cherubs welcom'd him on high ;
 I n God's blest presence evermore to wait,
 A mong ten thousand eminently great,
 M ost happy tasting heavenly joys complete. }

B ut when his body with his soul was join'd,
 I can't describe the virtues of his mind ;
 S o good his morals, mix'd with such piety,
 P assing all youths that e'er my eyes did see,
 H ow can I bear thy loss my bosom friend,
 A fit but like thee, and when life's at an end,
 M ay I to part no more, to thee and heav'n ascend. }

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Rewards and punishments

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